St. Crispins Triumph
OVER
Pope Innocent:
OR THE
Monks and Fryers Routed.
A Tragi-Comedy,

As it was lately Acted with great Noise at *Danizick* in *Poland* by the Reforming Shoemakers, and other Retainers to St. *Hugh*.

Wherein it is Infallibly demonstrated, that they who wone, had the best on't; and that since People will not be so wise to pluck out their Eyes, and turn Papists, the most effectual and speedy way to convert Soul and Body together, is by Strangling, Murther, Fire and Gunpowder.

Licensed *November* 2*d* 1678.

Printed at *Primrose-Hill* for the special Edification of those New Miracle-Mongers, who would perswade us, that after a man has been Strangled and Murthered, he can yet walk a Mile, and run himself through with his own Sword. *Octob.* 17. 1678.

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[illegible] the [illegible]

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St. *CRISPINS* TRIUMPH
OVER
POPE INNOCENT;
OR THE
Monks and Fryers Routed, &c.

I.

HEre's pretty Sport for Hereticks, I ſwear,
Romes golden Calves at *Dantzick* turn'd to Graſs.
Their Holy Trinkets they in pieces tear,
And Goodman *Pax*'s tranſlated to an Aſs.
Another wonder's added to their Church,
The Fryers left their Puppet Saints i'th' Lurch.

2.

Rude *Hugenots*, how durſt you be ſo bold
To lay your hands upon ſuch holy things,
You'l certainly be curs'd by Young and Old.
Hark how the clapper of their Bull-bell rings,
To break the Necks of Saints, are mortal ſins,
Not to be pardoned had you broke their ſhins.

3.

This brisk Attempt hath turn'd their Even-song,
And *Ave Maries* into doleful Dirges,
Who without doubt will hang themselves e're long,
At least do Penance on their backs with Scourges,
For suffering their gods, those silly Elves,
To be destroy'd, that could not save themselves.

4.

The Suckling-bottle of the Virgins Milk,
So long preserved for those Babes of Grace,
Thick crumb'd with breaden god, is broke and spilt,
And waxen Thumbs the Crucifix deface;
Their Angels also which then went to Pot,
Hath quite undone their Miracles god wot.

5.

But you the Offspring of St. *Crispins* Race,
How fell ye out, since both Sole-menders are,
For Gentle Craft the Relicts to deface;
Suppose St. *Hugh* had with his Boots been there,
Would you ingage him so in stormy weather,
To tear the Sole from off the upper Leather.

6.

You rather ought have brought your Awls and Ends,
And ſticht together what you found awry,
Or par'd 'um gently on your Laſt like Friends
And Loyal Coblers to their Monaſtry;
And ſo perhaps you would, had they been ought,
You were forc'd to Vamp them, cauſe their Souls were (naught.

7.

Troth like enough, good cauſe to think 'um ſo,
Romes Emiſſaries round the world do Roam,
To every Court in Chriſtendom they go,
Make miſchiefs there, then ſend advices home;
Corrupting Counſels, and dividing States,
And Fly-blow Maggots in the peoples Pates.

8.

This they effect by divers ways and Forms,
To day a Courtier, to morrow clad in Leather,
His Lordſhips Chaplain, or a Man in Arms;
A Merchant next, a Tradeſman, all or either,
A Zealot now, and then a Hector, he's
The Devil and all, there's nothing comes amiſs.

Swear,

9.

Swear and Forſwear, take any Obligation,
Rail at their Church, and ban his Holineſs name,
Betray their Fathers; they have Diſpenſation
For Murther, Stabbing, Fry ye in a Flame,
Any way Conquer for their Churches good,
'Cauſe beſt it thrives when deepeſt ſet in blood.

10.

Theſe are the Tenents of thoſe Saints of *Rome*,
Or Monſters rather, Fire-brands of Hell,
The very Peſts and Plagues of Chriſtendome,
As ſad Experience to the world doth tell,
By whoſe Accurſed hands more Chriſtians dy'd,
Then have by Turks or Infidels beſide.

11.

And ſhall this Viperous brood deludе us ſtill,
Under pretence of Zeal and Piety,
VVhoſe Heliſh aim is Chriſtian blood to ſpill,
And force the way for their Idolatry;
Their Avarice doth ſqueez the peoples Veins
As dry as Kexes where their Power Reigns.

They

12.

They have Indulgence for the worſt of ſins,
Or more or leſs, paſt, preſent, or to come,
They'l Pardons ſell, as Pedlers do their Pins;
Barter for Heaven, if you'l but pay the ſum;
For ready Money they can do the Trick,
But have no more to do there than *Old Nick*.

13.

This may Amaze, that men of common ſence
Should be beſotted to their Fooleries,
Their Pardons, Bulls, their Legends, *Peter* pence
Are all a Cheat, and Errant Rogueries;
For naught but Lies and Blaſphemies they are,
Which ſerve as Pimps and Bauds to *Peters* Chair.

14.

This they of *Dantzick* wiſely did foreknow,
And with a Reſolution ſtout and bold
Engag'd the Lubbers 'midſt their Foppiſh Show,
As they of *Sweedland* ſerved them of old;
Their note cutting Laws are ſuch Afflicting ones,
That ſend *Romes* Stallions home without their Stones.

Then

15.

Then haſt ye Juglers, Popiſh Prieſts be gone,
For if again you ſhould the People Vex,
Your Puppet-plays will cauſe them (ten to one)
Inſtead of broken Pates, to break your Necks;
And unto Hell or Purgatory ſend ye,
From whence the *Poles* nor *Planets* can defend ye.

Concluſion.

VVhen this they heard, they durſt no longer ſtay,
Pickt up their broken Tools and ran away,
But left their Prayers behind them at *Allhallows*,
And cauſe 'tis worth your Reading, here it follows.

The Humble Supplication of the Monks *and* Fryers *to* St. Dominick *their Patron, upon their Routing by the Shoemakers at* Dantzick.

HOly Patron *Dominick*,
We invoke thee Damn *Dantzick*,
Plague them sorely, we do woe thee,
Let not *Belzebub* outdo thee;
Taw the Soles of Leathern Sinners,
That did spoyl our *Sport* and *Dinners*;
They confounding all our *Trumpery*,
Made us Dine with old *D. Humphry*;
Starving so our Hungry *Paunches*,
Thy *Cheeks* thicker than our *Haunches*;
Pinched harder by our Foes,
Than *Dunstan* did the Devils Nose;
They so with blows our Sides inviron,
Our Ribs appear like a Gridiron;

Falling first upon our Bones,
And next we fear 'twill be our St--
Which if loft, the Chaſeſt Nun,
Is for ever quite undone,
And we fear will do the Trick
With our Foe the *Heretick*;
For the Holy Maid of *Kent*,
And Pope *Joan* too have been ſhent;
Venial Sins with good intent,
That's well done, that is well meant;
Thus unerring Church is true,
Natures courſe muſt have its due.

But what's this unto our purpoſe,
Or the loſs of Hood and Surplice;
If Saint *Dominick* can't do't,
Let's intreat the Devil to't,
And his Holineſs to boot.
For we hate this damned dodging,
We'l to *Rome* unto their Lodging,

Where

Where we certain find 'um can,
In the Stews or *Vatican*;
And our Augury to us shows,
Being told by *Francis Crows*,
Drinking Martyrs Blood for Wine,
They together were to Dine,
Tended on by *Bellarmine*.
Coming thither, there they found 'um
With the Cardinals around 'um;
Where they were to stay a Sennight,
Shearing Hogs for good St. *Bennet*:
Some o'th' Saints heard the grunting,
Said the Devil Rid a Hunting;
Others Swore 'twas no such meeting,
But the Pope and Devil greeting;
Met in kindness to each other,
To take care of Holy Mother;
And resolving on a Dance,
Sent away a Post for *France*,
To invite their dearest Son,
Who much of their Work had done;

Unto which they both agreed,
Vow'd it was as true as Creed,
He had been their trusty Steed:
Monsieur mounted, on he joggs,
Through the *Scotch* and *Irish* boggs,
Cursing of the *English* Cloggs;
For he neither thought or meant,
To tugg with King and Parliament,
Who had spoyl'd *His Bisk Intent*.
Being met, no Tongue can utter,
How they quaft and fed at Supper
On a Tub of *Dutchmens* Butter.

Now let us our Plaint renew,
And unto their Lordships shew,
How we sped in our Adventure,
They may Ram 'um to the Center,
For the Saints we long have Pray'd to
Are asleep, or hardly laid to.

Then began an old Rascallion,
Either *Spaniard* or *Italian*,

And

And ſo like a *Ragamuffin*,
You'd have Sworn 'twas a *Capuchin*.
Father Pope, and Father Devil,
And you the moſt Unchriſtian Evil;
Wrong the Right, we have ſuſtain'd,
Wherein we were juſtly manned;
They in ſpight of *Sobietski*,
Mar'd the tools your Worſhips get by,
Made on purpoſe to pick Pockets,
Theivs are Saints diſguis'd in *Rockets*;
Therefore, if you do not help us,
Ye are Puppies, and bewhelp us;
But old *Creſſy* had the Knack,
To outdo the reſt o'th' Pack
In Relating of a Myſtery,
Helliſh Lies in Churches Hiſtory;
And by adding ſomewhat more
Unto what was ſaid before,
Made the Devil ſtamp and ſtare,
Pope fall backward in his Chair,

But

But upon the point to go,
Monſieur caught him by the Toe,
And did promiſe with his Allies,
All the Forces up to Rally;
Would ingage their *Church* to further
By unheard of Rapes and Murther;
Only Pray'd the Popes direction,
And his Devilſhips Protection.
This when ſaid, did pleaſe 'um well,
So they took a turn to Hell,
To debate it at their leiſure,
Whence the *Monſieur* takes his *meaſure*,
And i'th' interim is providing
For to do the Trick by Bribing.
Now perhaps ſome *Criticks* ſaying,
This is not the Form of Praying,
And like Fools againſt it chatter,
Not acquainted with our Matter;
For when Folks ingage by th' ears,
Curſing goes inſtead of Prayers;

Or

Or to Rail, and Swear at Fortune,
Is as good as Praying certain;
But whatever may befal it,
True it is, what e're you call it;
And from what the Rogues intend us,
Oh Almighty God defend us.

FINIS.